

Webster suffered more in men and means (according to her ability) in the late war than any dozen counties in West Virginia. Her people were about as nearly unanimous for the Confederacy as it is possible for a community to be; and double her proportion of gallant soldiers did she send to do battle for the Sunny South. In consequence of this fact the Federal forces did not spare her when they occupied her territory. Another reason for this wide-spread desolation was, that Webster was regarded as the line, dividing Dixie from the Yankeedom. Here was the "post-office department," where nearly all the letters for Southern soldiers who lived in the more northern counties, were received and forwarded to the Boys in Grey. Here was the headquarters of the famous underground telegraph, where information concerning the movements of the Federals

ment, where nearly all the letters for Southern soldiers who lived in the more northern counties, were received and forwarded to the Boys in Grey. Here was the headquarters of the famous underground telegraph, where information concerning the movements of the Federals was gathered and transmitted, as fast as horse-flesh could carry it, to the Confederate chieftians. Here many a brave Southern woman went to meet her husband or her son, who, being a Confederate soldier, did not dare venture nearer the Federal outposts. In consequence of these things the Independent State became the scene of many sanguinary con-



flicts; and you may often stumble across a little mound, denoting that there sleeps, until the last day, some poor fellow who gave up his life in the struggle. The men of Webster, being hunters and the sons of hunters, were deadly shots with the squirrel rifle, and they used that terrible weapon with effect whenever an opportunity offered. Hence the devastation of their country and the solitude of desolation which yet prevails in the sections where these things occurred.

# Oldest Man Named Cogar – 110 Years Old

The oldest man now living in the county is named Cogar. He is 110 years old. He was married before the war of 1812, and was a soldier in that struggle. He still recollects distinctly all the events of importance that occurred in the earlier history of the country.



# Webster Famous For Tall Man

Webster County is famous for tall men. During the term of court this fact was often brought to our notice—the average height being a little over six feet. The tallest man we saw was Thomas Gregory, who stands good six feet eight in his stocking feet. Tom says

his head is out of the State, and therefore it is a burning shame to make him pay capitation tax. Speaking of taxes, it will do no harm to put on record once more the fact that Webster County is generally the first in the State to make a settlement with the Auditor. It seems singular, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

Another item of a curious nature is the fact that there is an apple tree on the farm of the Widow Hamrick, on Gauley, that bears fruit one side of which is sour and the other sweet — that is, one side or half of each apple is sour, and the other side, or half, is sweet. Scores of persons from a distance have been to test the truth of this story, and have found it to be as we here represent it.



## Writer Astonished At Mineral Wealth

The mineral wealth of this county is astonishing. Beds of the finest marble, veins of coal and iron ore, and other valuable substances, crop out in every direction. When the iron horse shall snort along up Elk, the Independent State will be found to have more natural wealth than any ten counties in the State. It is nothing uncommon to see an acre of ground, the timber on which, if it were in the New York market, would bring enough money to buy the whole county; as real estate now sells. It has been generally stated that the bite of a poison snake was fatal. This is a grand mistake. Out of hundreds bitten in the last few years, not one case has resulted fatally. The people there have a way of treating these cases, that is a sure cure. And it may be well to state that there is not a doctor in the county. There is not enough sickness among its 1,500 inhabitants to need one.

# And They Make The Best Likker

They have a kind of liquor to drink in Webster which is ahead of anything ever made in the distilleries of the old or the new world. It is called "M e t h i g l u m" (metheglin). There are several ways of making it; but in the right season of the year they make it as follows: A bee tree is found, and the honey secured, and two or three bucketsful of



VES.

and it are poured into a large  
as wooden trough. Then a similar  
the quantity of ripe blackberries  
gly are poured into the trough,  
pro- and the two substances are  
nin- pounded until they thoroughly  
ant amalgamate. The trough is  
are then filled up with spring  
the water, and the whole allowed  
ur, to stand, in a good cool place,  
gs. for about five days. It is then  
If ready for use; and we must  
ne confess that the man who does-  
be n't like Methiglum, when made  
A in this way, has no taste for  
the good things of this life.

these cases, that is a sure cure. And it may be well to state that there is not a doctor in the county. There is not enough sickness among its 1,500 inhabitants to need one.

## Wonder and Delight Is Sulphur Spring

The famous Salt Sulphur Spring at Addison is the wonder and delight of all who are fortunate enough to be able to drink its waters. The lawyers who visit Addison are de-



lighted with the water, and drink a great deal of it, as do the people who live in the neighborhood. It is strongly impregnated with saline, bromide, sulphur and other mineral properties. It is pleasant to drink, and its effects are much more beneficial than the waters of the White Sulphur, or any of the Virginia Springs. Invalids often go there. If there was a railroad in the country, this spring would be worth half a million dollars. A large gum is sunk into the ground, and the water flows up through it, and the supply is large and inexhaustible. The people of Addison have built a neat little house over the spring, which is surrounded by seats. A person can drink himself full of this water and never feel the sense of oppression customary when one has drank much water. We shall refer to this wonderful spring at greater length hereafter.

Give the Kids a Break. Read This Story to 'Em.

## Best Doggone Bear Story You Ever Read

There is no monument to Bill Barnett in the hamlet of Birch River, at the foot of tortuous Powell's Mountain in West Virginia. No monument of bronze or stone is there, but in the memory of elderly Birch River citizenry and in the minds of the Birch River school urchins, is a monument that time will be slow in erasing. The greatest of the bear hunters, they will tell you and their pride places Bill Barnett on a pedestal higher than that of Natty Bumppo, Paul Bunyan, Tony Beaver, and the other giants of our land.

There was nothing mythical about Bill Barnett the morning that he took the gun that his own hands had made and struck out into the virgin forest for his winter supply of meat with all the ease, and even the confidence, that we go toward the frozen meat locker of our day. But there was something mythical, perhaps, about the way he came back that night. Maybe not mythical, at all, but in the condition and with an achievement that gave him giant stature among his neighbors.

The Almighty fixed Bill up so that he could play the role of giant with ease. He was large; rawboned, well developed and muscular. He was forty at this time of his life and he feared neither man nor beast. He was a farmer, but he made guns too. Made them himself because the ones others made didn't suit his fancy. His guns were truer; lighter. More of a man's gun, he would say.

### Cold November Day

It was on a November morning that he called his dog, shouldered his gun, and went forth. The weather was good to keep a man hustling to keep the blood astir and good, too, for the meat that he went forth to get. On his feet were brown boots of that time, and his trousers were homespun. A hunting jacket and the large

and the quick start that told him his aim was good. Through his teeth he hissed and Bounce was off. Bill waited and listened. The enemy was bayed. Bill Barnett started running.

### Farther Than He Thought

It was farther away than he thought and he wished that he had taken out at once when Bounce did. He feared the dog was in for it. And then he saw that he was as he came upon the scene. He came down the hill so that he could look up and his first view made him load and fire again. Maybe he was too careful of the dog. Maybe he was too excited. The shot went wild. Now the bear had Bounce down and Barnett saw that he was going to have to wade in or lose one of the best bear dogs in those West Virginia hills. There wasn't time to load. The hunter waded in, jerking out his knife as he rushed. He told later that he hoped to stab the bear in the side and maybe divert him for the dog. The bear was diverted, but he wasn't cut. He turned away from the dog with a ferocious snort and came at Barnett. Fate wasn't kind to the hunter at all. He caught his heel on a rock, and went backward down the hill. The bear swooped on him with claws and teeth. It was impossible for the man to rise from his position. He couldn't get up the hill because of the lay of the ground and because the bear was on him. When he faced upward, there was the snarling, death cavity of the beast's jaws. Barnett rolled over to save his face from the sweep of the claws. He cut aimlessly with his knife. He could feel it cutting substance, and he could feel it cutting air, and he could feel the bites and the flesh-slicing scratches.

Bounce was doing all he could to help his master, and frequently Barnett would get a chance to roll away from the

in the fresh dirt and whimper. Even mighty in death, the bruin rolled over and over down the hill, and Birch River rescuers, when they did come, found that the dying monster of the hills had grabbed at rocks with his teeth and chewed them in two.

Barnett's reflexes told him to go after the bear and he made as if to rise. It was then that he found that he couldn't; he fell from the short height he had attained and he knew a leg had gone numb and dead and he followed along it with his hand to find it sticky and raw. The leader was cut and he had lost much blood during the death fight. His hands, too, were badly cut and bruised, and he undid the cloth from around his biscuits and ham and tied it around his leg to stop the bleeding. He then took his gun and crawling on all three, two hands and a knee, while the other knee hung limp, moved down upon his fallen enemy. He gutted him and straightened out the meat. He took the bloody bandage from his leg, tore a bloody strip from it, tied it around the dog's neck, clapped his hands and said "Go." He lay back on his winter's meat supply and watched the dog as it went out of sight.

He had seen too many hurt and wounded people in his time to have much hopes for himself. Everything depended upon the dog's getting home with the bloody cloth and returning with help.

### Hunter's Best Friend

Bill Barnett's wife remembered the time as being ten that morning when Bounce scratched at the door. She wondered what could have taken place in the barely more than six hours that her husband had left the house. But she knew there was no time to lose and she ran to the nearest neighbor and he ran to a house up the river and



of PRESBYTERIAN Churchmen  
BY E. C. Coulton  
of the be fore the

The Almighty fixed Bill up so that he could play the role of giant with ease. He was large; rawboned, well developed and muscular. He was forty at this time of his life and he feared neither man nor beast. He was a farmer, but he made guns too. Made them himself because the ones others made didn't suit his fancy. His guns were truer; lighter. More of a man's gun, he would say.

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It was on a November morning that he called his dog, shouldered his gun, and went forth. The weather was good to keep a man hustling to keep the blood astir and good, too, for the meat that he went forth to get. On his feet were brogan boots of that time, and his trousers were homespun. A hunting jacket and the large brimmed hat of that time completed his attire. He didn't have to bedeck himself in red like a Christmas tree because for miles around he would be the only hunter in the forest. Over his shoulder was the pouch with bullets, caps, and wadding. The powder was in the horn. Bounce, little, vicious, tenacious, friend and companion, went ahead and would wait when he got too far.

At break of day man and dog were perched high on a rocky hill. Below was a crest of rock that in our time would have brought forth exclaiming tourists. To Bill Barnett it was just a lovely place, a most wonderful place for a bear to come to in search of a "Room for the winter" sign. Bill walked along the top of the cliff, and suddenly, too suddenly, because a man needs more build-up than that, Bill saw his winter's meat supply. He was large and brown and in a silent and furry hurry.

Bill Barnett prayed. His powder was already dry. And he fired. He saw the quick stop

finished. He told later that he hoped to stab the bear in the side and maybe divert him for the dog. The bear was diverted, but he wasn't cut. He turned away from the dog with a ferocious snort and came at Barnett. Fate wasn't kind to the hunter at all. He caught his heel on a rock, and went backward down the hill. The bear swooped on him with claws and teeth. It was impossible for the man to rise from his position. He couldn't get up the hill because of the lay of the ground and because the bear was on him. When he faced upward, there was the snarling, death cavity of the beast's jaws. Barnett rolled over to save his face from the sweep of the claws. He cut aimlessly with his knife. He could feel it cutting substance, and he could feel it cutting air, and he could feel the bites and the flesh-slitting scratches.

Bounce was doing all he could to help his master, and frequently Barnett would get a chance to roll away from the beast as he lunged at the fighting dog. This was a fight in which there were no rules and there was no calling quits. Barnett knew that he was to kill or get killed and then he was in doubt whether he would survive if he did kill. Dog, bear, and hunter were getting weaker. Barnett knew that his flying knife had been effective because his adversary was clawing and biting with less vehemence. He could tell, too, that the dog was becoming exhausted and increasingly weaker.

### Knife In His Brain

The bear suddenly came down on the hunter's chest as if he had worked out a last minute strategy, and as he did so, Barnett caught him by the cuff of the neck and held on as his other hand hacked and hacked until the knife found its way to the bear's brain and the fight was over and the victory to an exhausted and nigh-onto-death wounded man and a dog that could do nothing but lie down

three, two hands and a knee, while the other knee hung limp, moved down upon his fallen enemy. He gutted him and straightened out the meat. He took the bloody bandage from his leg, tore a bloody strip from it, tied it around the dog's neck, clapped his hands and said "Go." He lay back on his winter's meat supply and watched the dog as it went out of sight.

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That afternoon they all came back. On their face was written the despair of failure and the despair of failing when possibly one of their own was dying, if not already dead. And during this time Bill Barnett was praying in the woods as he lay back on his slaughtered foe for the comfort of its body and the warmth of its fur. He had cut a stick for a crutch, but the walking was slow and he came back to the bear's carcass. His left arm was swelling and as his other hand started to rub the swollen arm, he noticed for the first time that the little finger on that right hand was almost bitten off.

(Turn To Page 14)

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# Thomas Jefferson Wrote First Book Concerning West Virginia

The first literary work that related in any manner to what is now West Virginia, was the "Notes on the State of Virginia," written by Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, and published in Paris, France, in 1784, because the work could be done more cheaply there than in America.

The edition consisted of but two hundred copies, some of

which were distributed in Europe, but the greater number in America.

The work was reprinted in France and this country. The author described with great exactness the rivers and mountains of West Virginia, having had access doubtless to the journals of Gist and other early explorers within the present limits of the state.



# The History of West Virginia

MOUNTAIN  
EXPLORATION  
Chapter 30

## Mason-Dixon Line Stopped By Indians

So long as the country remained a wilderness the question of boundaries was of little consequence, but when settlements began to be made, disputes arose between Virginia and Pennsylvania.

The southern boundary of Pennsylvania as defined in the grant to William Penn, was a line extending from the Delaware River five degrees west. With this Virginia had nothing to do until the western boundary of Maryland was passed, but beyond that both Virginia and Pennsylvania claimed jurisdiction and so bitter was the dispute that it almost ended in civil war.

### Messrs. Mason and Dixon

In November, 1763, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two eminent surveyors of London, came to America to fix the boundary and on Cedar (now South) street, Philadelphia, they erected an observatory to enable them to ascertain the latitude of that city.

Having done this, they fixed a stone from which to begin the celebrated "Mason and Dixon's Line." Slowly the surveyors proceeded westward and on October 27th, 1765, they were on the summit of North mountain, ninety-five miles west of the Susquehanna River.

Here the work was stopped

until the next year when it was completed to the summit of the Alleghenies, where the Six Nations forbade further prosecution of the work. But their consent was secured and

the work went on in 1767, until the Catawba war-path near Mount Morris, now in Green County, Pennsylvania, was reached, where it was again stopped by the Indians and

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## Treaty Tends To Restrain Indians; Hostilities Continue In 1785

The year 1784 was one of comparative quiet. The treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain had the effect to restrain the Indians for the time being, but they renewed hostilities in 1785, which they continued for ten years thereafter. A connected recital of the barbarities perpetrated in West

tail, would fill volumes and would moreover present only a dreary uniformity of incident and a narration of individual efforts and suffering, of less important triumphs and defeats, the whole being but a confused mass of re-encounters of the rifle and tomahawk, of murders, burnings, captivities and reprisals, which con-



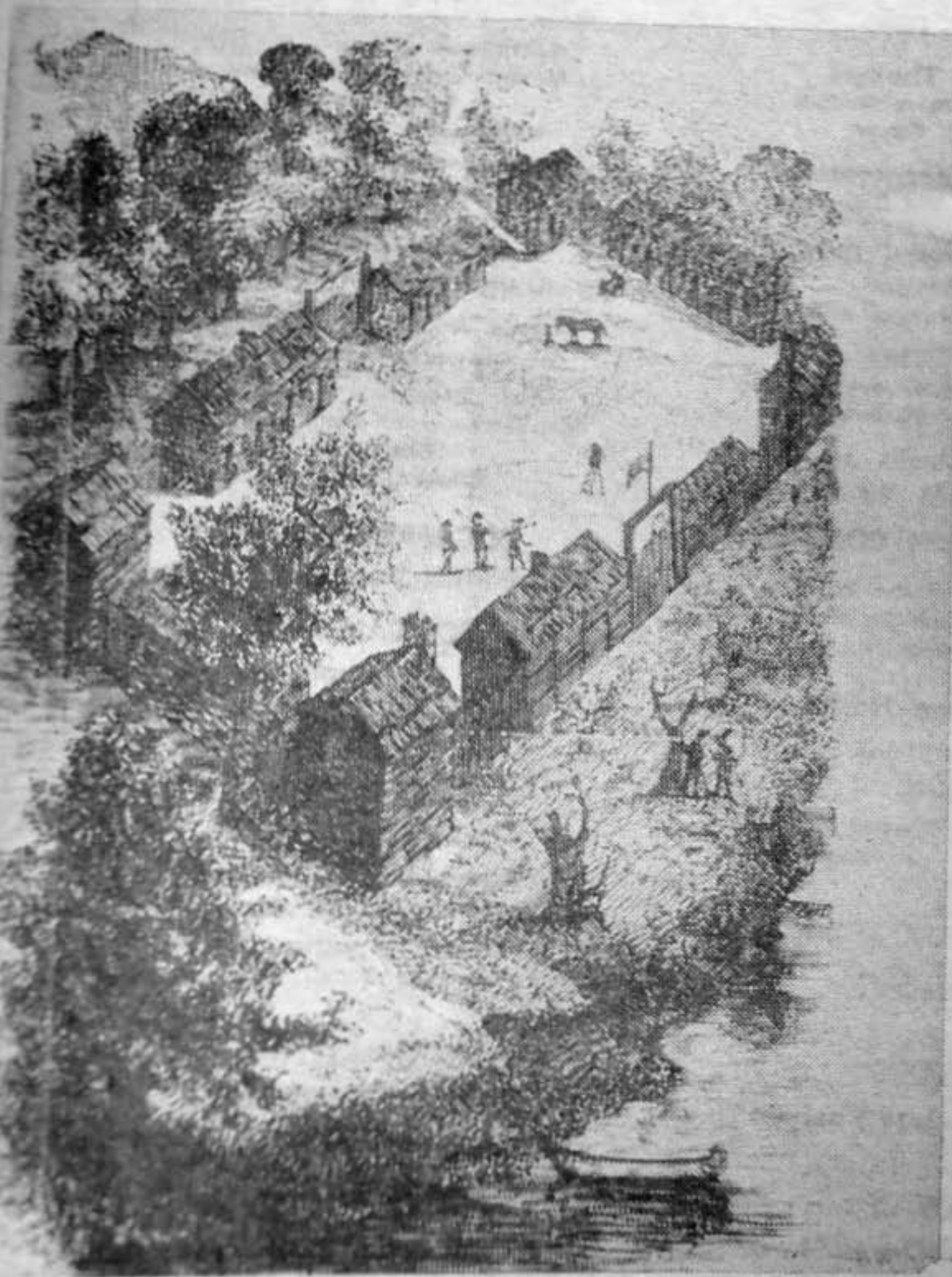
*The*  
BALL-  
HOOTER

HOWARD A.  
HANLON





# Daniel Boone Was W. Va. Citizen



Daniel Boone, the founder of Kentucky, spent several years as a resident of the Great Kanawha Valley. The cause which led to his removal from Kentucky is but another instance of man's injustice to man.

Boone had been the first white man to find a home in the wilds of Kentucky, and when the wars were ended, he settled down to rest the remainder of his days. But the sheriff informed him that the title to his lands was disputed, and suits entered against him.

He could not understand this. He made no defense, but stung by ingratitude, he left Kentucky never to return. He went to the home of his childhood on the Schuylkill, but all was changed, and there could be no home there for him.

Coming to the Great Kanawha Valley, he found congenial friends among the founders of Charleston. With George Clendenin he represented Kanawha County in the Virginia Assembly in 1791.

About the year 1798, he sought and found a home with his son, Daniel M. Boone, in Upper Louisiana. There he died in 1820, and in 1845 his remains were removed to Frankfort, Kentucky, where they now rest.

**BOONESBOROUGH**, one of the Boone-made forts that protected the frontier against Indians. From Harley's book.



# West Virginia Has 12 Camps On List

A loose-leaf, spiral-bound little book called "Camping Maps U. S. A." has made its appearance under the authorship of Glenn and Dale Rhodes. The first thing this department did was to hasten through to the back (the states are listed alphabetically) and see how West Virginia fares in the field of burned bacon, groundy coffee, and the gentle art of gnat fighting.

It was found on Page 196, with 12 listings as follows:

1. Bluestone SP. 9 mi S of Hinton, T. Tr. W. F. B.
2. Tygart Lake SP. 5 mi S of Grafton, T. Tr. W. F. B. S.
3. Watoga SP. 15 mi SE of Marlinton, near Seebert, E of Hillsboro, T. Tr. W. F. B. S. SF. Ch.
4. Monongahela National Forest. Forest Supervisor, Box 1231, Elkins, W. Va.
5. Blue Bend. 12 mi N of White Sulphur Springs, W of Alvon, T. Tr. W. S. SF.
6. Horseshoe. 12 mi NE of Parsons, T. Tr. W. B. S. SF.
7. Smoke Hole. 12 mi S of Petersburg (Note: We drop that h) NW of Upper Tract, T. Tr. W. F. S.
8. Spruce Knob Rec. Area, NW of Cherry Grove, T. Tr. N.
9. Stuart, N of Meadows, 6 mi E of Elkins, T. Tr. W. S. SF.
10. Cranberry Glades. 9.2 mi W of Mill Point, N of Route 39, T. Tr. W. F. SF.
11. Lake Sherwood. Access from US 60 at White Sulphur Springs, 26 mi NW of Hy 39, T. Tr. W. F. S. SF.
12. Summit Lake. E of Richwood, which is W of Marlinton, off US 219, T. Tr. W. F. SF.

The symbols: T. is Tents, Tr. is Trailers, W. is Water, F. is Fishing, B. is Boating, SF. is Sanitary Facilities, Ch.

is Charge. BL. is Boat Launching.

Then we got to wondering how West Virginia and its 12 camp sites stacks up with the rest of the states. Here's an idea.

Alabama 35  
Alaska 44  
Arizona 134  
Arkansas 38  
California 291  
Colorado 258  
Connecticut 18  
Delaware 12  
Florida 49  
Georgia 62  
Hawaii 32  
Idaho 106  
Illinois 59  
Indiana 51  
Iowa 65  
Kansas 47  
Kentucky 42  
Louisiana 22  
Maine 83  
Maryland 27  
Massachusetts 33  
Michigan 253  
Minnesota 115  
Mississippi 29  
Missouri 73  
Montana 270

Nebraska 73  
Nevada 58  
New Hampshire 51  
New Jersey 18  
New Mexico 129  
New York 98  
North Carolina 63  
North Dakota 93  
Ohio 49  
Oklahoma 71  
Oregon 318  
Pennsylvania 73  
Rhode Island 5  
South Carolina 37  
South Dakota 178  
Tennessee 59  
Texas 111  
Utah 122  
Vermont 30  
Virginia 53  
Washington 192  
West Virginia 12  
Wisconsin 139  
Wyoming 215.

The book is quite a handy thing to the person who takes his camping seriously, especially on a national scale. There's a map of each state with the camp sites keyed with the number of the camp. It sells for \$2 and is available at our Hillbilly Bookshop in Richwood.

## 157 Deer Deaths Reported In State

Game biologists of the Department of Natural Resources, working on the white-tailed deer project, report that non-season deer deaths during the month of February reached 72, for the second highest February on record. The total included 34 bucks, 35 does and three deer that were decomposed so badly that sex could not be determined. (Five additional deer were killed on crop damage permits in the Eastern Panhandle.)

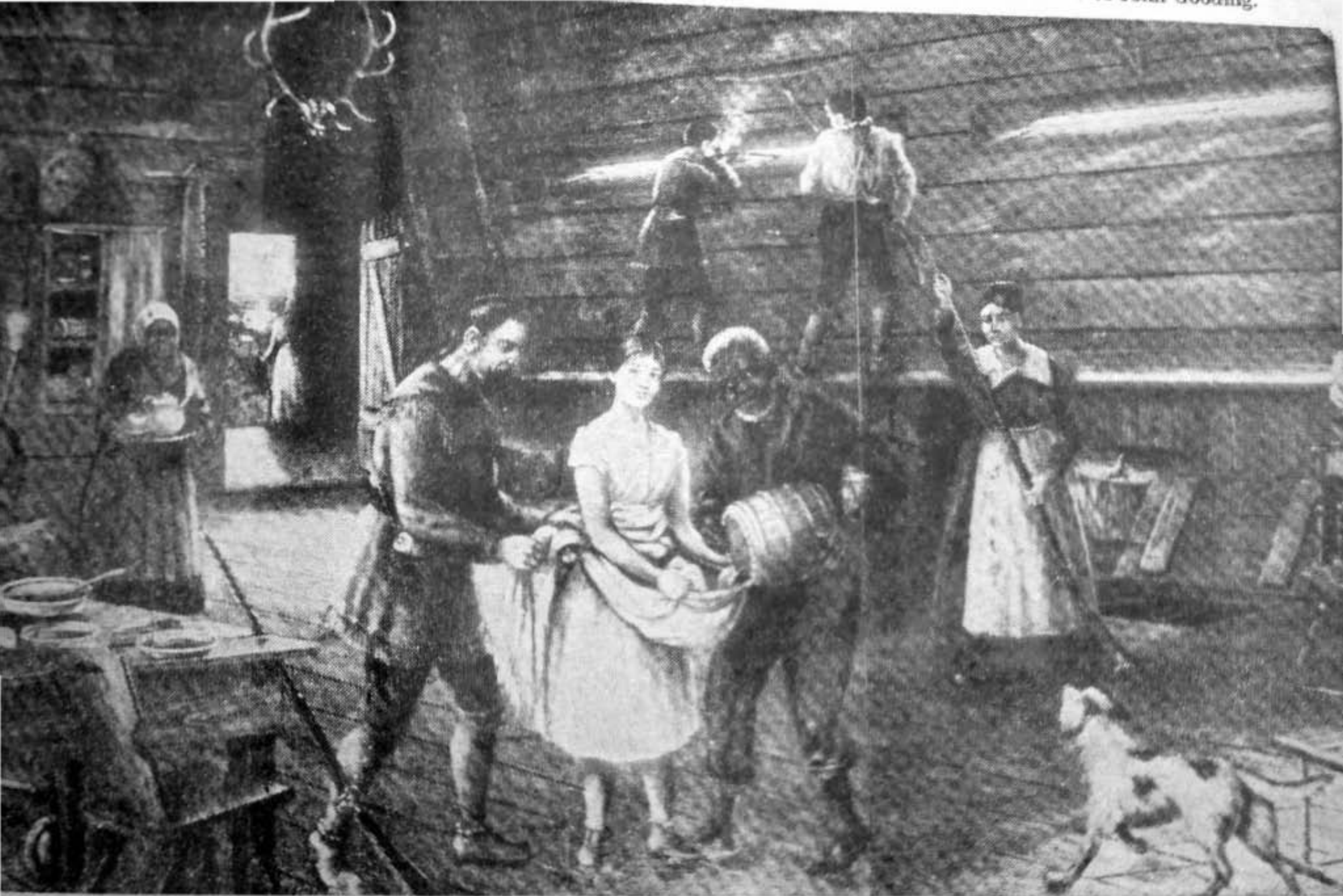
The report from the biologists indicated that the 35 does were on the average carrying at least two fawns, which would mean that around 70 potential deer were eliminated

The breakdown of deaths for the two-month period were listed by the following causes: auto, 58; dogs, 26; illegal, 23; unknown causes, 15; miscellaneous, 12; crop damage, 11; fences, 8; and trains, 4.

## Anyone Have A Male Muskie?

Does anyone have a male muskie they'd be willing to donate to a good cause?? Such a donation would make Fish Chief Ed Kinney, of the Department of Natural Resources, and one lonely fe-





Betty Zane in blockhouse, preparing to carry the powder back to Fort Henry during siege of of 1782. Reproduced from an early painting.





Capture of the Boone and Calloway Girls from an Old Print





# Snakes In Church

REPORTS ON THE SNAKE-HANDLING  
AND THE FAITHFUL THEREOF

## Slayer on the Altar

By Burl Osborne  
(Associated Press)

His eyes burned at the  
heat in the tiny coal field

I gave up one of my chil-  
dren for this, and I'm not back-  
ing up from these stiff-necked,  
bigotized who never knew

Mrs. Robert Elkins, self-ap-  
pointed leader of the snake  
handling Church in Jesus, was  
saying.

It had been less than two  
years since her 23-year-old  
daughter died after a rattle-  
snake bit her during a church

The death — which came  
after medical attention twice  
refused — brought prom-  
ise of an anti-snake handling  
bill from aroused members of  
the West Virginia Legislature.  
But Mrs. Elkins served no-  
tice that "If they pass a law  
about handling snakes, we'll  
let them anyhow."

Letting God fight my  
battles, she said. "You think  
you can let some of these  
doctors and lawyers make  
me up on my salvation

## Scrabble Creek Faith

By Tom James  
(Oak Hill Tribune)

The following article does  
not intend to criticize either  
adversely or constructively the  
"Church of All Nations" cult  
at Scrabble Creek. It is the  
intention of the writer to bring  
to the attention of the paper's  
readers a little history and  
fact pertaining to religious  
practice.

Exploring the background of  
the human race is a stimulat-  
ing study. The early man and  
his complex society is not  
easily visioned.

The man living during Bibli-  
cal times had many problems  
unique to his culture. Today's  
mankind also has problems  
quite as frustrating, which  
have been manifested in many  
forms.

Society is based on customs  
and traditions.

In a valley near the com-  
munity of Gauley Bridge in the  
hill country of West Virginia  
lives a group of men and wom-  
en who belong to a religious  
organization called the  
"Church of All Nations." This  
particular cult practices and



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munity of Gauley Bridge in the  
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lives a group of men and wom-  
en who belong to a religious  
organization called the  
"Church of All Nations." This  
particular cult practices and  
believes in the practice of ser-  
pent handling, drinking poi-  
sons, speaking the unknown  
tongue, the Holy Kiss and a-  
bove all, as the overseer stated,  
"The Freedom of Worship."

On a recent Saturday night  
I, and other Herald and Tri-  
bune staff members, attended  
a service at the Scrabble Creek  
church. For a little over three  
hours I witnessed this group's  
mode of worship. I don't think  
I will ever forget the experi-  
ence.

During the meeting partici-  
pants in the church's service  
clapped their hands and stamp-  
ed their feet as they sang, they  
handled poisonous rattle-  
snakes, participated in the  
Holy kiss, spoke in the un-  
known tongue, and when the  
call to be saved was evident  
they gyrated blindly around  
the small church building.  
They did not drink poisonous  
liquids, at least they did not  
during the time I was there.

Whether or not these people  
are wrong in their form of  
worship I cannot say. How-  
ever, I can say that they seem  
sincere. They would have to

(Turn to Page 5)

...which  
attention twice  
brought prom-  
snake handling  
members of  
Virginia Legislature.  
Elkins served no-  
pass a law  
snakes, we'll  
anyhow."

God fight my  
said. "You think  
some of these  
and lawyers make  
up on my salvation

handling in religious  
has been outlawed in  
states. As one re-  
cross the near-  
and were among  
or more persons who  
for the Sunday  
at this McDowell  
community.

were no more than  
Others came to wor-  
but from a distance.  
few—perhaps half a  
came to handle the  
and drink what they  
poison to prove their

is performed in a  
same building in the  
of Southern West

don't believe in no ciga-  
smoking tobacco or  
Mrs. Elkins declar-  
of voices answer-  
right." "Every man  
his own wife," she

service started slowly.  
equipped with  
wooden benches,  
contain the crowd.  
stood by the road

(Turn to Page 4)

## Scrabble Creek Faith

(From Page 1)

...express themselves so

The beginning of this very liberal form of worship may be traced back to the eighteenth century when New Englanders began to refuse to accept the Calvinistic theory that salvation was only conferred to the elect. They believed that salvation was open to all who would be willing to accept it. As history records, Jonathan Edwards, an American theologian, would preach such fiery sermons that his subjects obtained deep realizations of their sinful habits. As the evangelist would continue his portrayal of the torture of the damned the penitent would become conscious of the forgiveness of his sins and become filled with a sense of joy and love. Often the convert would express this filling with loud shouts of joy. It was also recorded that some of the listeners would become so possessed with the fear of eternal punishment that they committed suicide.

During this Great Awakening large additions were added to the memberships of the churches and the conservative and liberal tones in religion became wider and more prevalent.



The first "Church of All Nations" states that "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," however, the actual practice of one's religion has less protection than the right to practice that certain belief, and does not include actions that are in violation of social duties or subversive to good order. It should also be pointed out that if one's religious practices interfere with the peace, health, safety, or morals of the public, they may be regulated by reasonable state laws.

As I stated previously it seems that these worshippers in Scrabble Creek are sincere in their "Church of All Nations" belief, and the belief will be upheld, but, does this practice interfere with the peace, health, safety or morals of the public? If it does then should it be regulated by state laws?

This is a treacherous subject. Man's religious belief always is, and I believe a man has the right to believe the way he wants to and do the things that he wants to do, so long as they do not interfere with another's well-being.

This mode of worship has been banned in Kentucky, South Carolina and Virginia. West Virginia has no law against it and as Overseer Elzie Preast stated Saturday night, "I don't know how long it will be lawful to practice religion on Scrabble Creek." As an observer, it seems that Overseer Preast is a conformist, and even though the group does quote the possibility of their actions, not their belief, being



A rattling good time in

## Explaining, More Or Less, Our Preoccupancy With Snakes

The paper and its readers are indebted to Ken Kurtz, news editor of WSAZ-TV, and Jim Haught, religion editor of the Charleston Gazette, for pictures taken when the two attended a snake-handling service recently. Mr. Kurtz supplied from his own files the two stories used here to tell the story.

The editor's explanation for emphasizing the snake handling practice this week is that a new book on the subject, gave West Virginia but scant

recognition for its snake handling proclivities. As a matter of fact the book creates the impression that West Virginia does not even rate with the other states of the Appalachian region and farther south. Another example, the author wishes to point out, where West Virginia is belittled, and deprived of its rightful place in the sun. After all, our citizenry have done their best to rank with snake-handling congregations of other states and feel that they should have





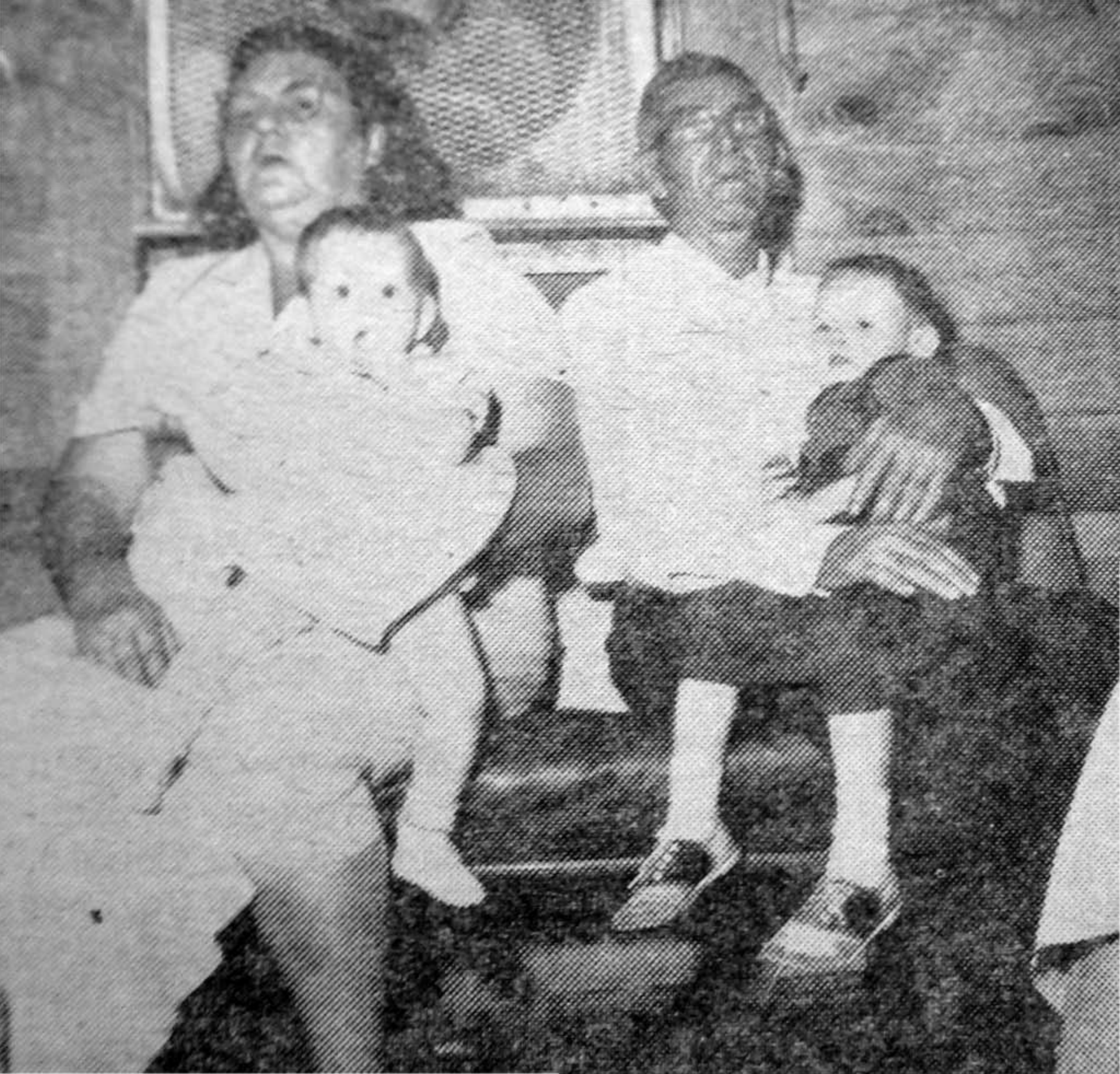












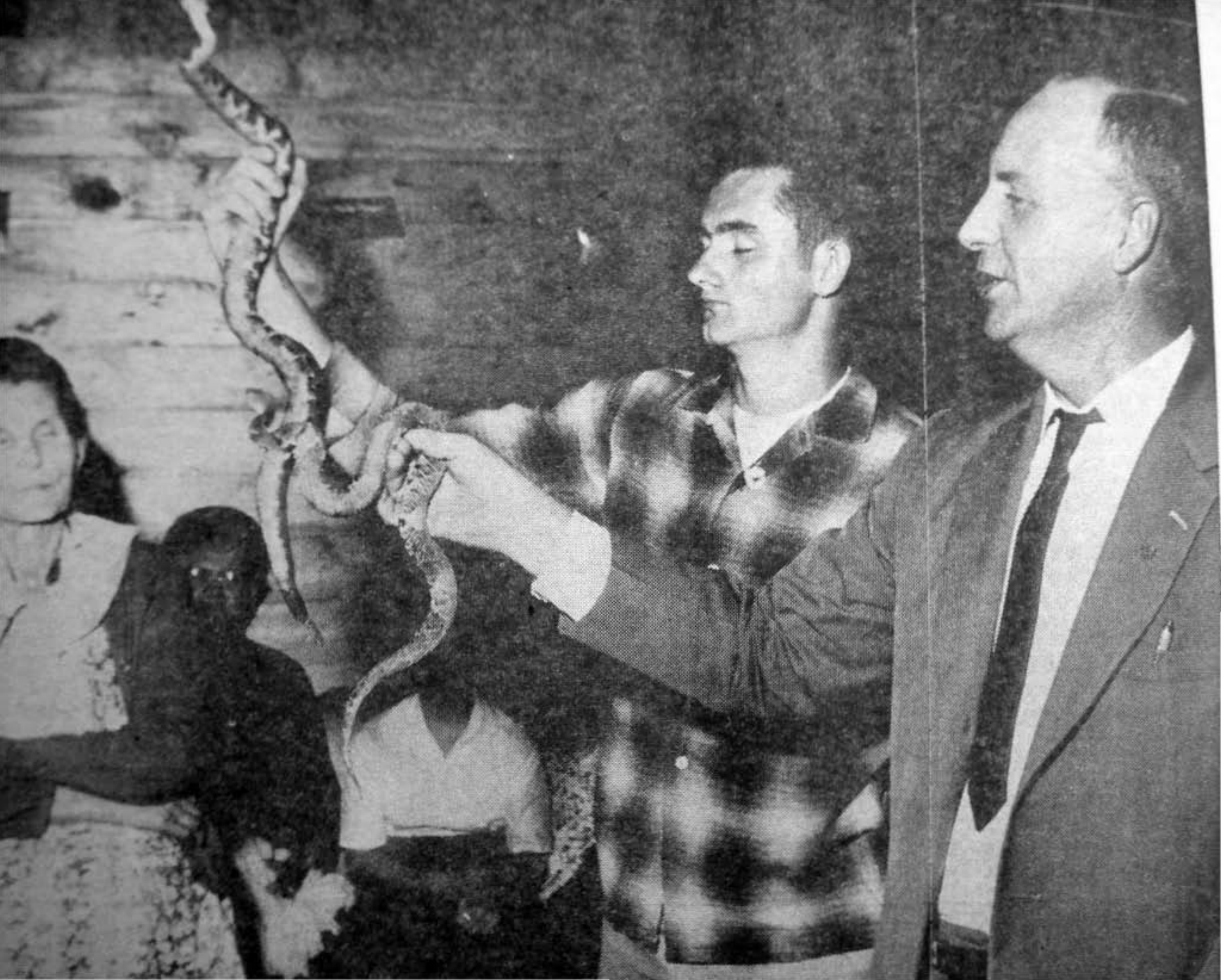
















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credit for effort if nothing else. Many of them have been bitten; and some have even died.

The new book is "They Shall Take Up Serpents, Psychology of the Southern Snake-Handling Cult" by Weston La Berre, professor of anthropology at Duke University. \$3.75, Hillbilly Bookshop, Richwood.

Personally, we'll put our rattlesnakes up against any snake-handlers anywhere!



# Anne Bailey Was Famous Heroine

One of the most remarkable personages of pioneer times was Anne Bailey, who has been called the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley.

Her maiden name was Hennis. She was born in Liverpool, England, in 1742, and came to America in 1761, stop-

ping with relatives in Augusta County, Virginia. She wedded Richard Trotter, a soldier who was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant. When she heard of her husband's death a strange wild dream seemed to possess her.

She donned male attire and ranged the wilderness as scout and messenger so long as the Indian wars lasted. November 3rd, 1785, she was married a second time to John Bailey at Lewisburg. When the wars were ended she went to live with William Trotter, an only son, in what is now Gallia County, Ohio, where she died November 22nd, 1825.

## Colonel Stuart's Memorandum

Colonel John Stuart was one of the most distinguished frontiersmen of West Virginia.

Born in Virginia in 1750, he came with others to the Greenbrier wilderness in 1769, and



# Early Settlers

## Depend On Forts

Forts, blockhouses and stockades were the names given to the various kinds of structures for defense.

A range of cabins usually formed at least one side of the fort. Partitions of logs separated the cabins one from another. The walls of these cabins on the outside were ten or twelve feet high, the slope of the roof being turned wholly inward.

The blockhouses were built at the corners of the fort and projected about two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades. The upper stories were about eighteen inches larger in diameter than the lower one, thus providing an opening at the commencement of the former to prevent the enemy from gaining a position under the walls.

In some of these forts, instead of blockhouses, the corners were furnished with bastions. The fort was always near a spring or stream of water, and a large folding gate next to it, made of thick slabs, was the only point of entrance or exit. The walls were furnished with portholes at proper heights and distances. The whole of the outside was made bullet-proof.

# Greenbrier People Are Fighting To Save Covered Bridge

The West Virginia News  
Gentlemen:

A group of us here in and around Lewisburg have been working to save the Milligan's Creek covered bridge from certain destruction. We are circulating a petition to as many citizens as possible.

We are enclosing a picture taken by Frazier Smith that shows the bridge pretty well. It is difficult to take on account of that canyon being so dark.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,  
John T. Collins, O. D.

\*\*\*

## THE PETITION

We, the undersigned, residents, voters and taxpayers of Greenbrier County, do hereby petition the Road Commission to spare and restore the small covered bridge over Milligan Creek on the loop road near Muddy Creek Mountain.

This bridge has been in use "since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It is a quaint and attractive heritage from the past, built during the days when Milligan Creek had two grist mills and a woolen mill all of which are now gone. Other states preserve and cherish their covered bridges, counting them as valued treasures. Two of these are over the line from us in Virginia; one the hump backed bridge at Covington and the other in Lexington. We



"Aye, tear her tattered ensigns down"

understand that Lincoln County in West Virginia has recently restored its covered bridge. And the one at Philippi is well known to us all.

Our own little covered bridge is one of Greenbrier County's historical spots. It is much loved and visited by our citizens and is pointed out with pride to visitors and tourists. Located, as it is, in that wild and beautiful gorge, it is indeed something to be proud of. Rather than destroyed, it should be restored and marked as an historical monument for our State's Centennial

Year in 1963.

To paraphrase the sexton at the Old Stone Church, "Keep the timbers shored up and the roof kivered and she'll last 'til Jedgement Day!"

The Covered Bridge  
Committee:

Dr. Harry Handley  
Mr. C. T. Sydenstricker  
Dr. John T. Collins

\*\*\*

Our Lewisburg friends need not go as far as Virginia, Philippi or Lincoln County to find a restored covered bridge, probably built about the same time as the one over Milligan's



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# The History of West Virginia

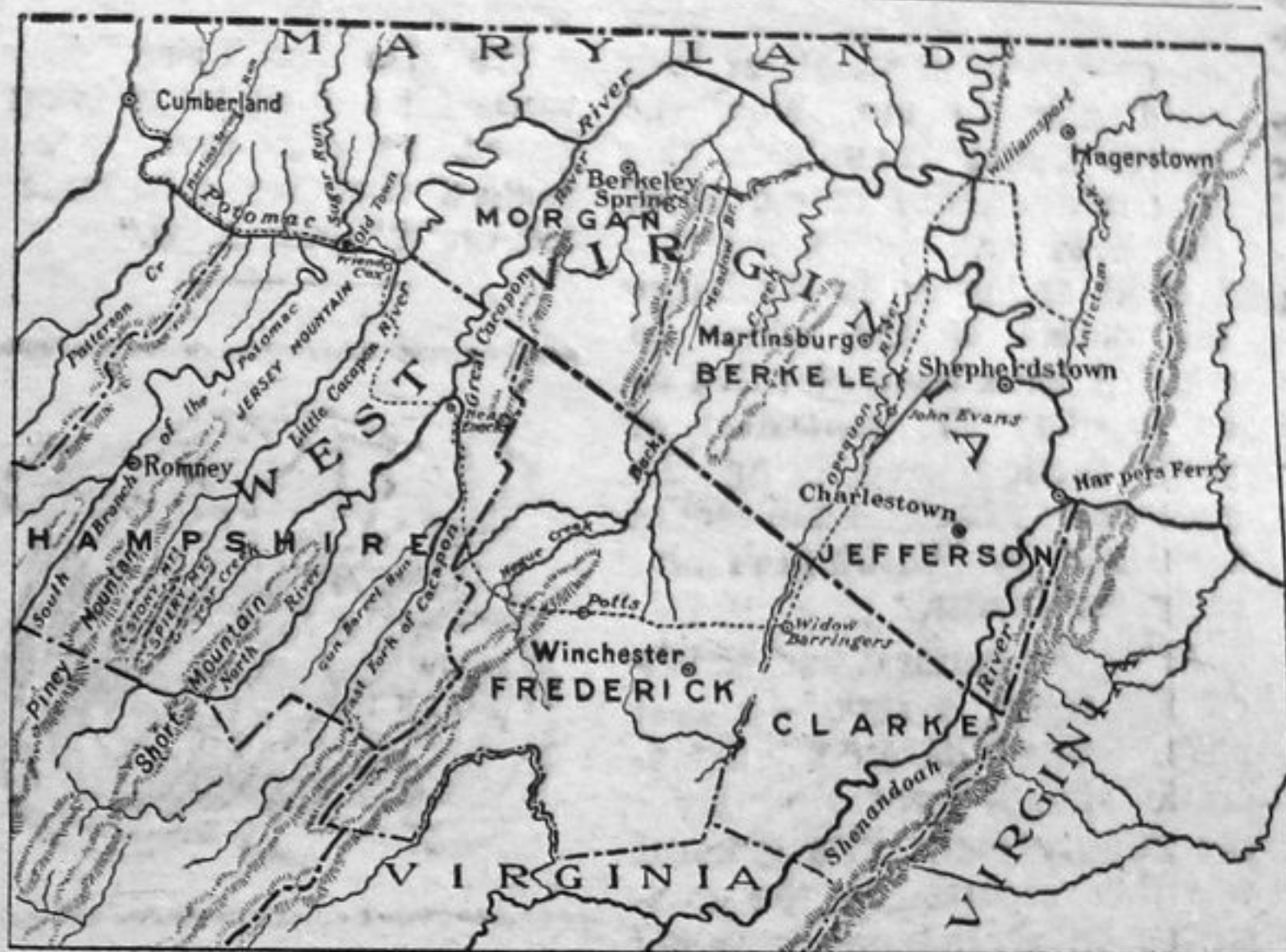
MOUNTAIN  
EXPLORATION  
Chapter 34

## Education In W. Va. Before 1800

We have but few records of educational work in West Virginia before the year 1800, but the old-time schoolmaster was then abroad in the land. The first effort to establish a school on the Ohio River, appears to have been made at Charlestown — now Wellsburg — in Brooke County in 1778, and the nucleus thus formed seems to have expanded into Brooke Academy, which was incorporated in 1799.

The first effort to establish a school of high grade in central West Virginia was that of Randolph Academy at Clarksburg, incorporated in 1785. Among the trustees of this institution were Governor Edmund Randolph, Benjamin Harrison, Patrick Henry and Ebenezer Zane.

When a school was first established at Shepherdstown — the oldest town in the state — is not known. But Reverend Robert Stubbs who, December 3rd, 1787, made affidavit that he had witnessed the trial of Rumsey's steamboat on the Potomac, subscribed himself, "Teacher of the Academy of Shepherdstown." Charlestown Academy in Jefferson County was incorporated in 1797.

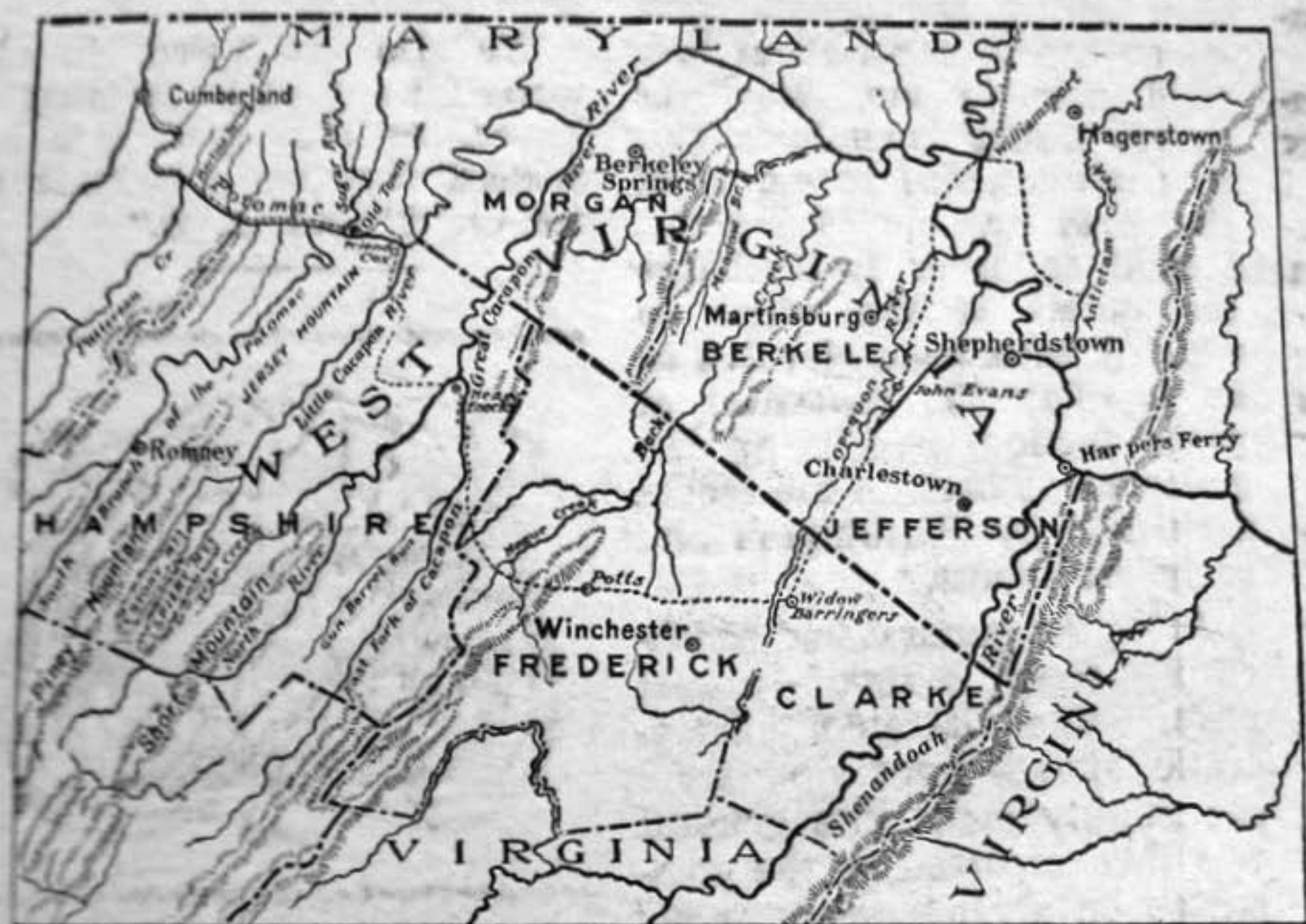


## How To Relive History

There is a trend today for students of history to retrace famous routes that famous men traveled. For instance, the trail of the Lewis-Clark expedition has been re-traveled. People have gone over the road Paul Revere went on his nocturnal ride. In West Virginia students can retrace some famous trails. One is the road that General Braddock took to his death across West Virginia. In case you might want to try it, here is an old map showing the road. It would be fun if you got together a bunch of school kids and re-lived this tragic bit of West Virginia history.



# In W. Va. Before 1800



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# How West Virginians Built Homes

A family would leave the settled portions east of the mountains, cross the same, and journey through the forest or along the river, until a suitable location was found. Then a halt was made and house building began. Small trees were felled and logs cut to the proper length and then collected at the spot selected. Then the structure was raised.

Clap-boards were split with a tool called a frow, and placed on the rib-poles of the house, and then weight-poles were laid on to hold the boards in place. Slabs, called puncheons, were then split and after being partially smoothed with the axe were laid down for a floor. Then spaces between the logs were filled with chinks

and daubed with mortar made of clay.

A huge fireplace occupied one end of the structure, and over it was erected a chimney made of sticks and clay, and

called a "cat-and-clay" chimney. The house was usually of one story. In such houses as these were born many of the men who have made the Commonwealth of West Virginia what it is today.

## Patrick Gass With Lewis

In the year 1803 the United States purchased from France all that vast region west of the Mississippi, known as Louisiana territory. Of this addition to the domain of the United States, but little was known, and Congress, the same year, made an appropriation and empowered President Jefferson to have it explored.

tember, 1806, the expedition reached St. Louis, having spent two years, four months and



Lewis and Clark

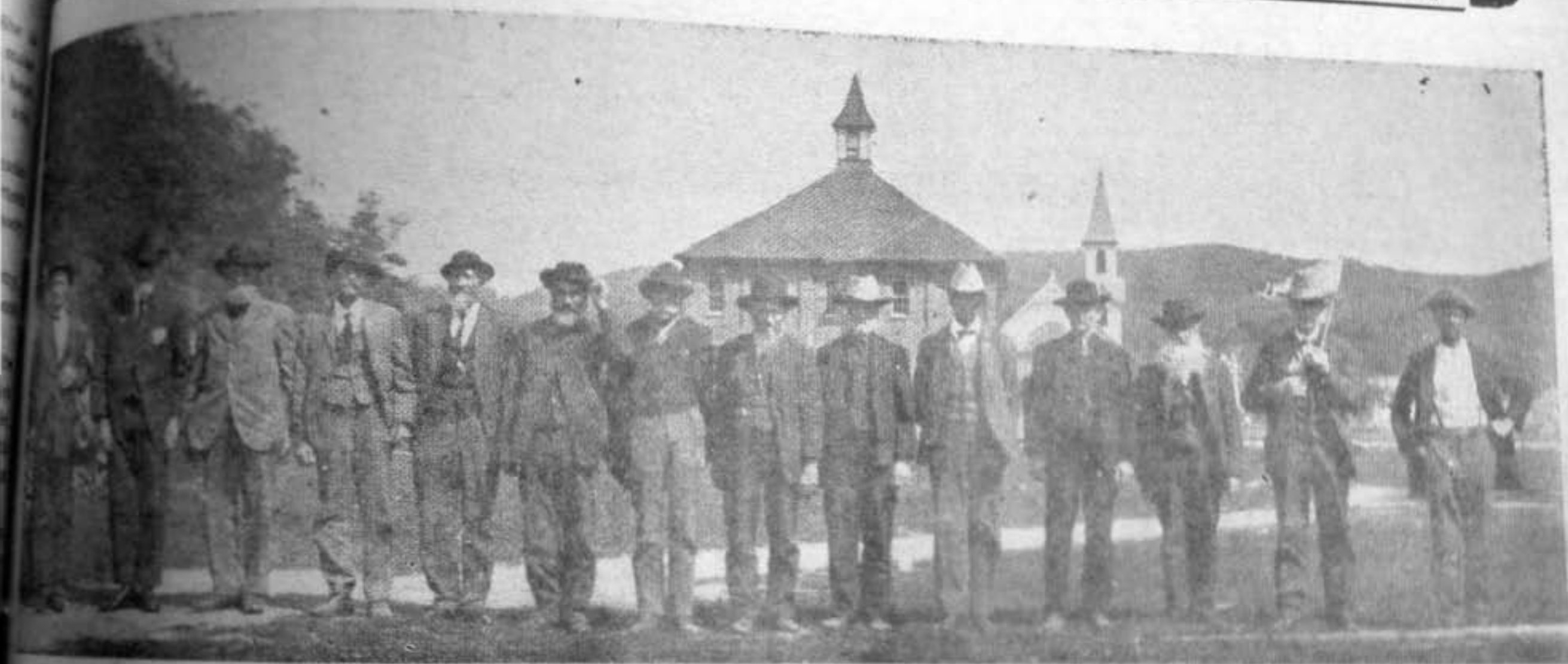


# **What Happened In West Virginia In The Year 1803**

A ferry was established over Fishing Creek and another over Guyandotte River near its junction with the Ohio.

It was represented to the Assembly, that because of the incursions of the Indians, William Clendenin, sheriff of Kanawha, had been unable to collect the taxes in that county for the years 1792-3-4, and an act was passed giving him two additional years in which to make the said collections.

The Court of Wood County was instructed by the General Assembly to appoint five commissioners to ascertain whether the erection of mills on the Little Kanawha River would be any obstruction to navigation and to report thereon to the Court.



## 14 Men of Marlinton

It's June, 1907. That year there was an encampment meeting of Confederate soldiers in Richmond, Va. Pocahontas County was represented by these men who stopped long enough to have their

picture made. Is it possible that there is a living soul who can identify one, or all, of these fourteen men? And was the picture made in Marlinton or was it made in Richmond?





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# Footnote to History: Lincoln's Bunions

THE POET HAS WRITTEN OF LINCOLN'S WALKING AT MIDNIGHT, MAYBE HE DID, BUT IF SO HE PROBABLY DIDN'T ENJOY IT, BECAUSE HIS FEET HURT.

An interesting, well, footnote to history comes to this paper from Senator Joe Handlan of Parkersburg, who in turn got it from his brother-in-law, Dr. Richard B. Sheridan, also of Parkersburg, who got it from a medical periodical known as "Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics," about Abraham Lincoln's bunions. Which is yours for the reading:

By Irwin M. Siegel, M. D.,  
Chicago, Illinois

It is portentous and a thing of state

That here at midnight in our little town

A mourning figure walks and will not rest

Near the old courthouse, pacing up and down.

Vachel Lindsay

It has been said that "an army travels on its stomach," and this was true, no doubt, of the Union forces during the American Civil War. However, the supreme commander of that army, President Abraham Lincoln, traveled mostly by foot which may have added not a little to the burden with which he walked.

Early during the Civil War, Lincoln was introduced to a British-born physician and chiropodist, Isachar Zacharie (3). Zacharie had treated Secretary of War Stanton's feet and proposed the organization of a unit of chiropodists for army service (3). The idea of this "corps of foot soldiers," as the New York Herald called them, was not endorsed by the President, but his feet were treated by Zacharie (3) and the following testimonial obtained: "Dr. Zacharie has operated upon my feet with great success and considerable addition to my comfort September

other's bunions under the council board. Some of our Generals have been reproached for their slow movements; but is celerity of motion to be expected of persons whose toe nails are growing into the flesh? No human being could be expected to toe the mark of our expectations under such circumstances . . . General Pope, who by a singular paradox placed his headquarters in the saddle, made a few rapid evolutions, during which he nearly succeeded in using up himself, the enemy and our army; but Jackson's barefooted rebels, who do not know the need or the value of a chiropodist, got the better of him at last . . . It would seem, therefore, that all our past troubles have originated not so much with the heads as with the feet of the nation. Dr. Zacharie has shown us precisely where the shoe pinches (7).

## Rights and Lefts Issued

And indeed the shoe did pinch, so much so that the President had difficulty finding boots which fitted properly. This situation, apparently, was not uncommon at the time. Prior to the Civil War, right and left shoes were made on identical symmetrical lasts, and the question of appropriate design was never given serious consideration in their manufacture. In fact, when "Rights" and "Lefts" were first issued to the troops they were ridiculed because they were not interchangeable (10).

When at Soldiers' Rest, his summer residence some 3 miles from the Executive Mansion, Lincoln could shed his constringent shoes and enjoy the freedom afforded by the famous blue woolen socks he

the degree of toe crowding present, particularly on the left, hammer toes are likely. Finally, the long arches appear obliterated and the metatarsal arches could not be other than relaxed with bunion of this degree.

## Walked Like Indian

A description of his gait, which also speaks for static deformity and loss of arch support, has been given by Hernon (4):

He walked like an Indian, with even tread, the inner sides of his feet being parallel, betokening caution. He put the whole foot flat down on the ground, not landing on the heel; he likewise lifted it all at once, not rising from the toes; hence there was no spring to his step as he moved up and down the street.

Biomechanical correction of these feet would require more than just a simple exostosectomy at the bunion site. Further shortening of the great toes would seem undesirable because of the already short first metatarsal bones. Metatarsal osteotomy to correct the metatarsus primus varus combined with an adductor tendon release and bunion exostosectomy appear to be the best reconstructive procedures.

If this type of surgery were available during Lincoln's lifetime, would correction of his feet have significantly added to his comfort? Possibly the melancholy of his later years may have been lessened by this relief and if, as the poet says, "He yet walks at midnight," perhaps in our time he walks with a lighter step.

## REFERENCES

1. Barker, A. E. An operation for bunion.



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### Pedicure

It is doubted whether or not the operation was at that time anything more than a pedicure. Literature referring to orthopedic procedures for static foot problems was not forthcoming until the last decades of the nineteenth century (1).

Dr. Zacharie's fame spread quickly and he then attended the podiatric needs of such notables as the Generals McClellan, Banks, and Burnside, as well as various Cabinet members. Political satirists of the day made much of Zacharie's Washington practice.

In the certificates furnished to the chiropodist by the President, Secretary Seward and other members of the Cabinet, and by Generals McClellan, Banks and Burnside, we have a cornucopia of information about the secrets of this war. The President has been greatly blamed for not resisting the demands of the radicals; but how could the President put his foot down firmly when he was troubled with corns? There have been rumors of personal animosities and ill-timed bickerings among the members of the Cabinet; but undoubtedly, these have been caused by the honorable Secretaries inadvertently treading upon each

others' feet. It was difficult finding boots which fitted properly. This situation, apparently, was not uncommon at the time. Prior to the Civil War, right and left shoes were made on identical symmetrical lasts, and the question of appropriate design was never given serious consideration in their manufacture. In fact, when "Rights" and "Lefts" were first issued to the troops they were ridiculed because they were not interchangeable (10).

When at Soldiers' Rest, his summer residence some 3 miles from the Executive Mansion, Lincoln could shed his constringent shoes and enjoy the freedom afforded by the famous blue woolen socks he wore (9). His problem was solved, however, when he located a clever shoemaker in New York City who could fashion boots which did not hurt. He traced the outline of his feet on a paper and ordered a pair by mail (6).

It is indeed, a loss to podophiles present and future that roentgenograms of these famous feet are not available. An analysis of the measurements of the tracing, however, gives us some clues as to what their roentgenographic appearance may have been.

The most prominent pathologic condition shown in Lincoln's podogram is a bilateral hallux valgus. Apparently, there is a metatarsus primus varus, and comparative measurement of the medial and lateral foot border reveals short first metatarsals. With

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2. Editorial. The head and feet of the nation. *New York Herald*, October 3, 1862.
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## Should Be More Bountiful

(From Page 6)

If we had a bounty on gray foxes of \$5.00 during trapping season, it would pay farm boys to buy traps and trap foxes and besides more would take up trapping. Good fox traps cost \$17.89 per dozen. Gray fox pelts 50c and reds \$1.00, so it is plain to see why we have as many foxes as we have.

We have to have laws passed by legislation to let trapping come in at the same time

as night-hunting, because you cannot kick a boy in the teeth and expect something from him later. That is exactly what sportsmen did this year by voting to let night hunting come in 27 days before boys can set traps. Our boys today will be our American men tomorrow, and should be treated as such.

**The Year  
1960  
As Seen And  
Recorded By Hillbilly  
\$5.00**



# Three Things . . .

**Author Unknown**

**(Submitted by D. L. P., Akron, Ohio)**

I know three things must always be  
To keep a nation strong and free  
One is a hearthstone bright and dear,  
With busy, happy loved ones near  
One is a ready heart and hand  
To love, and serve, and keep the land  
One is a worn and beaten way  
To where the people go to pray  
So long as these are kept alive,  
Nation and people will survive  
God keep them always, everywhere—  
The home, the heart, the place of  
prayer.

# Guerillas Will Fight On

Summersville, July 7: Although there is no doubt but what the most fearful of the Rebel guerilla chieftains is dead, the gang that Capt. Perry Conley headed will fight on, it was announced this week.

Capt. Conley was killed last week when his outfit was caught by surprise by a detachment of the 30th Ohio Infantry in Webster County.

Though mortally wounded at the first, he fought off his assailants until he was out of ammunition. Then it is said that the rough mountaineer was then clubbed into submission.

Although the band declares it will stay together and fight on, there is evidence that it has already started to disintegrate. To begin with, the band had never been mustered into the state or regular Confederate service. According to the famed war correspondent, B. Stutler Boyd, Federal troops are singling out the individual members of the gang and are closing in.

Some have reportedly joined

the forces of Capt. George Downs's Company A, 19th Virginia Cavalry. Others have enlisted in Capt. Absolom Knotts's Company E., 14th Virginia Cavalry.

Others are scattered in the woods, and the leader rather strangely seems to be a young girl by the name of Nancy Hart who recently became the bride of one of Conley's men, Joshua Douglas.

Nancy Hart is believed to be operating as a spy, and carrying information from the mountains to the regular forces.

## Weston In Social Whirl

Weston, July 10: Soldiers assigned to this town report that it is the best duty in the army. They say there is always something going on here.

Last week, for instance, there was a "grand ball" at the Bland Hotel in honor of the soldiers stationed at the local post, and because many were being "shipped" out. Nor was this the only social event. As a matter of fact it has been



# Woodchucks in West Virginia

By C. C. Hively

Give the woodchuck plenty of greens to nibble on and the right kind of ground in which to dig dens and he's a happy critter. Through the late spring, summer and early fall he's a glutton deluxe. Chucks often play wild in fields of ripening corn. They have been known to ruin melon and tomato patches, dig up peanuts, diet heavily on cabbage and tender young bean vines and to top all this off, chuck's dens quite often cause farm machinery breakage and livestock leg injuries. But to me and all trappers our groundhog is friendly with most fur bearing animals and rabbits. He digs dens for just about every animal we have in our state, but to most farmers that have had experience with the varmit, he stays in the ten most wanted animal criminal column. It is said that an adult groundhog will eat his weight in green stuff every 72 hours. Figure that on the basis of mid-spring and on until fall and you will get a lot of fodder answer.

It's true that they do lots of damage to fields and they have to be kept in check, but there's a right way of doing it and using water in taking woodchucks is the wrong way because you cannot drown out woodchucks without drowning rabbits, skunks, opossums and young mink. It's been proven that by the use of water, groundhog hunters drown more furbearers than groundhogs, besides little rab-

in any patch of bee's clover patches will go in groundhog holes along creeks. Surprisingly, as it may sound to some of you, groundhogs will share the same den with rabbits as well as skunks and opossums. With my 40 years working dogs I have seen skunks and groundhogs share the same hole, rabbits, groundhogs and opossums in the same hole.

By using water you won't get one chuck out of four holes you fill full of water, so why don't you ask yourself, what was in the other three holes you filled full of water. There should be laws passed to stop the use of water in taking woodchucks from their dens. One more law should be passed. Stop rabbit hunters from carrying shotgun slugs while rabbit hunting. That law, if it had been in effect, probably would have saved 7 deer on my farm in the last past 4 years. There's lots of so-called rabbit hunters carrying slugs just for one pur-

pose in mind, to kill deer if their dogs stir up deer while rabbit hunting. I'll say right here that, if big game hunters don't stop things like that from going on, we will not have any deer herds in Wood County.

It's known to our Commissioners but nothing has been done about it this year and won't be till every big game hunter does something about it. West Virginia Fish and Game Commission came up with the real answer on whitetail deer, when they said the range was less than one mile on whitetail deer. In a lengthy program of trapping and re-trapping they found the normal range of a whitetail deer is less than a mile. Deer are not a migratory animal only during the rut and when there is a shortage of food, and when chased by dogs.

My advice to all deer hunters is, if you want to save our deer herds in farm land, you had better get some stiff laws passed in West Virginia on dogs, trigger-happy deer hunters and slug 'n' rabbit hunters, and water slinging groundhog hunters. It is useless to try to promote better hunting in our state with all these things going on.

We need cooperation among hunters, trappers, fishermen and others interested in the out of doors in other capacities. This should not be a matter of too great a sacrifice on anyone's part. Perhaps the greatest requirement and prerequisite for this cooperation is an understanding and broad

## CRANBERRY GLADES 1962 TOURS

Cranberry Glade tours are open to individuals or groups on the dates of July 29, August 26, September 6, and Oct. 7.

Tours are sponsored by the West Virginia Hill-billy and are personally conducted by Dr. H. C. Darlington, retired professor of Marshall University.

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Cranberry Glade tours are open to individuals or groups on the dates of July 29, August 26, September 6, and Oct. 7.

Tours are sponsored by the West Virginia Hillbilly and are personally conducted by Dr. H. C. Darlington, retired professor of Marshall University. He has taught Elementary, Jr. High School, High School and College for 40 years. He was at Marshall 27 years. He has an A. B. and an A. M. degree from West Virginia University, and a Ph. D. in biological science from the University of Chicago. His special field is ecology and his special study is the Cranberry Glades. He has visited the Glades for years with classes. He conducted Hillbilly's experimental tour last year.

The cost of the tour is \$4 per person. Check or money order must accompany application and sent to this office prior to the tour. Only 25 will be permitted to take the tour and applications and remittance will be returned after that point. Address all communications to Jay Comstock, Glade Tours, Hillbilly, Richwood. Interested groups, such as garden clubs, are asked to inform other groups.

Meeting point is at the Hillbilly office in Richwood, W. Va. at eight A. M. on the morning of the day set. Each party will travel to the site in own car from Hillbilly office. Tour will last approximately 8 hours, all walking. Apparel: Hiking clothes and wet weather boots or galoshes. Bring own lunch or buy box lunch in Richwood.

It's true that they do lots of damage to fields and they have to be kept in check, but there's a right way of doing it and using water in taking woodchucks is the wrong way because you cannot drown out woodchucks without drowning rabbits, skunks, opossums and young mink. It's been proven that by the use of water, groundhog hunters drown more furbearers than groundhogs, besides little rabbits that drown. DENS should be dug out only in cultivated fields.

Farmers can kill groundhogs by the use of salt and they are only destroying groundhogs. When using salt and nothing else, one small piece of salt no larger than your thumb will kill any adult groundhog, so why drown rabbits and other animals just to get rid of the groundhog. Hunter, if you have to work your dogs at least leave the tubs and buckets at home because you don't know how much damage you are doing by using water.

Reason should teach you if you hunt groundhogs, especially in July, August and September, in the three driest months of the year, that all animals have to have water and will be close to water holes. It stands to reason if you let your dogs thrash out a bean patch and there's little rabbits or any other animal

a certain family there. Those boys were not too good with fists but they were Dead-eye Dicks with a rock. It paid to fight them close range.

Cow hunting was not merely bringing in a drove of unwilling brutes. Each trip was a natural history foray itself. Only now, looking backward, do I realize how many things of interest were found and experienced on those twice daily jaunts. The first blue jay nest I ever found was a good example. The nest was at a point where my route  
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The WEST VIRGINIA

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# Hillbilly

VOL. III NO. 28

RICHWOOD, W. VA.

JULY 14, 1962

## Over Tundra and Bog to the Cranberry Glades

WHEN HILLBILLY LISTED THE GLADES AS A TOURIST MUST, BUT NO MORE. TOO MANY PEOPLE CAME AND SO FLUNDERED IN THE TUNDRA AND CUSSSED THE EDITOR. NOW A GUIDED TOUR IS ALL WE'LL RECOMMEND.



The Boardwalk Is Jumping-Off Place



New Sort of the Day: Orchids



It Was All Over and Shining

If you are not interested in plant life — how plants live in communities to themselves, like people do, how one community will invade another and take it over like people do, how they make a gigantic effort to live and to thrive even in an area not good for them, even like people do — if you aren't interested in this saga of the survival of the fittest in the plant kingdom, then you won't enjoy a trip to the Cranberry Glades. Nor will you if you are the finicky, snay type.

So if you are adequately forewarned and accordingly forearmed, then let me proceed to give you an accounting of the last Hillbilly sponsored tour of the Cranberry Glades, and in so doing invite the untrepid student of the out-of-way places of West Virginia to join our next one, or the one after, as set forth in the ad on the Conservation Page.

When I got to the shop right at eight o'clock last Sunday morning (June 24) my son Jay, and his fellow printer David Cook, were greeting the tourists, pinning name tags on them, advising them about wear and lunch and all. I started shaking hands and introducing myself around because there wasn't a person I knew.

### Off We Go

"What's holding us? Why can't we go?" asked our guide and mentor, Dr. H. E. Darlington, the ex-Marshall University professor, who has been in the Glades so many times with so many parties that he could do it at night blindfolded. Seventy-two years old now, he was by far the most agile of the group, and anxious to be off to his familiar tundra and talking the language of those strong, pugnacious plants which grow there. He had first met the Glades some forty or more years ago when he used this phenomenon of Pocahontas County as the subject for his thesis for his doctor's degree.

We got in cars, I loading with Jay, and David staying back as he was on special bird watching duty that day, watching for a hawk, and drove to

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Digging Into the Prehistoric Peat



Cross Over Stream on Beaver Built Bridge



Dr. Darlington Stops to Lecture

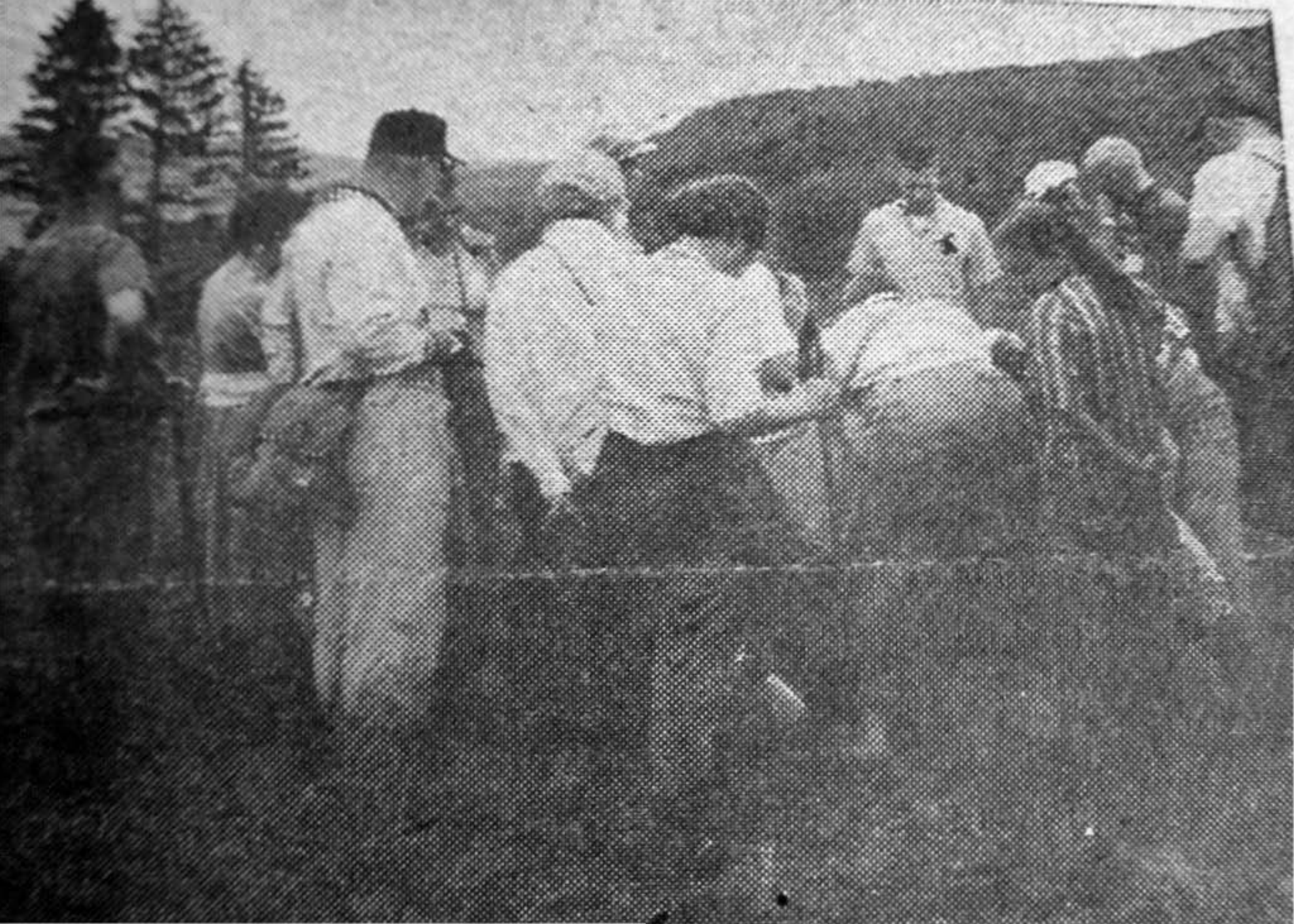
Pictures by Jay Comstock and Dr. Dean L. Husmer of Bluefield





**The Boardwalk Is Jumping-Off Place**









Cross Over Stream on Beaver Built Bridge





**Dr. Darlington Stops to Lecture**

**Pictures by Jay Comstock and Dr. Dean L. Hosmer of Bluefield**





**It Isn't All Beer and Skittles**





**First Thrill of the Day: Orchids**





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HILLBILLY

# Over Tundra and Bog to the Glades

## The Land of Orchids

(From Page 1)

the top of Kennison where they say you can still find the layers of the snows of last year, and down a piece on the other side to an intersecting road from the left labeled "Cranberry Glades." Down it we went a few yards and parked and walked over a fern-covered and tree-shrouded bank to a boardwalk which projected out over what wasn't terribly different from the view of a rather choppy green sea. We were, of course, on the Glades, and the boardwalk was put there by the Forest Service for people to stand on and look about them and listen to the birds who sing with a terrible abandon on the outer fringes of this body of billowy moss.

### On The Boardwalk

Dr. Darlington, in boots to his knees, and with a knapsack slung over his back, stops at the end of the walk, and addresses his queue of oddly dressed tourists. He tells them that this is a natural area, one that is protected by the Federal Government officially, and by decent, out-doors loving people personally, and that they should all be happy about it because it is one of the few natural areas.

Dr. Darlington stops because he sees he is not talking to all the class, and he's too old a professor to do much repeating, so he yells for his charges to get a move on, and he repeats his little prelude continues, telling the class that they are to take nothing whatever away from the Glades, that it is a natural museum really and if people were rapacious, there wouldn't be anything here worth coming from far and near to see. What the people saw from where he stood, he said, was the same that a man one hundred years ago, or even one thousand years ago saw, although he admitted that while the place was unchanged, it was still in



years as an instructor of a class on the move.

He said the job of classifying the plants in the Glades wasn't any superhuman task as there are less than fifty varieties, explaining that acid soil didn't attract many plants and those that were attracted had such a tough time coping with the situation, getting a good drink of water and so forth, that they were as peculiar as the human characters who live in a depressed area which has been left barren by industry. To give this emphasis, he pointed to the stray red pine trees that dot the Glades. These would-be trees look as woe begone as anything you ever saw, what with their stunted physique and gnarled, bony limbs resembling Dore's tree-humans in Dante's "Inferno." Dr. Darlington explained this impoverished characterization in an apparent land of plenty. Their roots wouldn't go deep because of the acid soil, and they spread out with the ground, and when the wind came, or the earth shook, as it always does here, the tree became more insecure and fell, or would. And his fallen spot soon became his grave because as the tree sank, the lichen and the tundra covered it over and soon it was seen no more.

### Enemies of Plants

There are other enemies of plant growth in the Glades. Hard winters for instance, where the temperature gets to as low as 18 below, Dr. Darlington said, and he spoke of the nights he had spent in the Glades and how cold he got. But today the sun came down the narrow way and had that sticky hotness about it that predicted rain.

"Where are the orchids?" a tourist asked, and the mentor and guide looked about him for a while, and it wasn't long until he had



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"We want it to be just as it is now fifty years from now. And it will be because the government will tolerate no man-made changes, but only the changes that Nature herself will bring about," Dr. Darlington said.

#### Dr. Darlington Explains

Then he said that he didn't know what each individual had in mind as to a tour, and no idea as to what each wanted to see, but he had some ideas of his own, and if nobody minded, he would dwell upon three points of observation. First, he would present a general picture of the area as it is. Then he would like to use what was present to reconstruct the past, the past, not of yesterday or last year, or of a century ago, but a million or more years when the place was being formed by the scooping out of the earth and whittling down the mountains by two principal streams of water, Cranberry River and Charles Creek. And thirdly, he would like to show something of the future picture of the place as evidenced by changes he himself has seen since he first started coming there to work on his doctorate, and then down the



plant growth in the Glades. Hard winters for instance, where the temperature gets to as low as 18 below, Dr. Darlington said, and he spoke of the nights he had spent in the Glades and how cold he got. But today the sun came down the narrow way and had that sticky hotness about it that predicted rain.

"Where are the orchids?" a tourist asked, and the mentor and guide looked about him for a while, and it wasn't long until he had one.

"Here is a Grass Pink, or Bearded one, as some call it. Note its narrow grass-like blades, and the beard on the corolla. This is the commonest of the Cranberry Glade orchid. There are others, the Snake Mouth, for instance, and the fringed orchid. And we certainly don't want to forget the big pink Ladyslipper.

"What I want to see is one of the fringed orchids," C. W. Bowers, Charleston insurance man, said. Dr. Darlington told him to keep his eye open; he'd see plenty.

"There are five glades that make up what is known as the Cranberry Glades, and the five cover 700 acres of ground as level as a floor, only the walking is up and down as if one were walking over a floor strewn with pillows. This first glade is called the Round Glade. Between each glade is a shrub forest, or an alder thicket, that serves as a kind of fence, and has its own realm of plant life distant and different from the plant life of that of the glades themselves.

"Now, let us get our bearings first, because it is very easy to get lost here." Dr. Darlington took a compass out of his pocket studied it, and then said, "There to the southwest is Kennison Mountain. To the north of us is Black Mountain. To the east is Cranberry Mountain. They have all walled